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The Chatterbox

Volume II Number 7

See Pictures inside

MAY, 1908

Senior Number

LITTLETON COLLEGE LITTLETON, N. C.

Contributed by-
Mrs. Mary B. Herring
Feb., 1968

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Business Manager's Notice.

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Miss Lanham.

TO THE FOUNDER OF THE CHATTERBOX,

LOUISE EMILY LANHAM,

respected, loved, honored, one who has devoted and is still devoting all the efforts and energies of the youthful years of her life in laboring for others and for us; who has awakened among the young women of Littleton College enthusiasm in obtaining the highest knowledge, to one one who has made the rough way seem smooth and whose love has never failed us, in sincere appreciation of her earnest work and untiring interest in each member of the

SENIOR CLASS

we dedicate this, our number of the

"CHATTERBOX."

The Chatterbox.

VOL. II. MAY, 1908. No. 7

Literary Department.

Class Song, '08.

CLARA HEARNE.

Tune: School Days.

Gladly we come to you singing,
Singing with glad free hearts
For this is the day when "Naughty eight"
From all the rules departs.
We are the free College Seniors,
The rules we will soon forsake;
Many are they and easy 's can be
And easy they are to break.

CHORUS.

Seniors, Seniors, dear old, grand old Seniors,
Willing and ready and up for fun,
Not until all of our work is done
We are the class of 1908,
No other class is half so great.
Those who come after are far too late,
For dear "Naughty eight" is the best.

Bravely we've come along singing,
Striving to do our best,
And on this day we bury the past,
For now we shall start anew.
Go from our old Alma Mater,
Knowing not what is our fate,
Wait and you'll see how great we will be,—
This jolly old class "Naughty eight."

Literary Graduates.

Annie Laurie Crews,

Henderson, N. C.

Class President—Hyperion.

Mabel Williams West,
Hastings, Okla.
Class Secretary—Hyperion.

Gertrude Lee Stanfield,
Leasburg, N. C.
Vice-President of Class—Hyperion.

Rebecca Winborne Evans,
TYNER, N. C.
Class Treasurer—Hyperion.
(Graduate in Art.)

Josephine Perry,
LITTLETON, N. C.
Hyperion.

Mary Francis Mayo,
WASHINGTON, N. C.
Ed.-in-Chief of Chatterbox—Hyperion.

Clara Josephine Hearne,
BYNUM, N. C.
Bus. Mgr. of Chatterbox—Hyperion.

Jessie Ella Cogdell,
Hastings, Okla.
Hyperion.

Sallie Miles Johnston,
Littleton, N. C.
Hyperion.

Pauline Herring,
clinton, n. c.
Local Ed. of Chatterbox—Hyperion.

Rebie Morris,
elizabeth city, n. c.
Hyperion.

Mary Binford Sledge,
Weldon, N. C.
Eunomian.

Lela May Spence,
London Bridge, Va.
Hyperion.

Morado Thompson Farabow,
littleton, n. c.
Hyperion.

Lottie Lee,
oveido, fla.
Hyperion.

Helen Ayers Earnhardt,
Garysburg, N. C.
Exchange Ed. of Chatterbox—
Hyperion.

Clee Reel,
Reelsboro, N. C.
Hyperion.

Lela Bernice Hornaday,

roxboro, n. c.

Joke Ed. of Chatterbox—Hyperion.

Lucie Gordon Ross,

bonnerton, n. c.

Asst. Bus. Mgr. of Chatterbox—Eunomian.

Pianoforte Specials.

Roberta Anne Morris,
Manson, N. C.
Asst. Music Teacher.
(Diploma.)

Lottie Lee.
(Diploma.)

Luola Delaval Gay,

leland, n. c.

Eunomian.

(Diploma.)

Vela Estelle Walker,

broadnax, va.

Eunomian.

(Certificate.)

To the Class of '08.

President.

Classmates, truly the last four years of our lives have been happy ones, with a mixture of hard digging, high honors, and deep responsibilities. We, as a class, have formed strong, helpful, lasting friendships among ourselves, our collegemates and teachers.

While struggling to master Math and Science or write English papers worthy of an "A *—Excellent!" we were encouraged to do our best because ever in our minds was visible a "goal" toward the attainment of which we were bending all of our strength and energy. But now as diplomas are within an arm's length, and as the time draws nigh for us to separate, we begin to think seriously over our College days and ask ourselves the question, "Is the possessing of a diploma the greatest thing that comes to a College girl?" The answer comes, "No. We would not give anything in exchange for the strong spirit of love and loyalty that pervades the class."

As we, the class of 1908, go forth in life to our several duties of undertaking to lift mankind to a higher plane, let us ever look to one another for encouragement. Let us think of our class as,—

"One that never turned its back, but marched breast forward."

Let us be strengthened by thoughts of bygone days when we as a class enconraged one another by echoing the words of Browning—

"Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe."

Why Go to College?

JESSIE COGDELL.

Yes, here is that old question, "Why should women go to College?" Yet, it is not so old, either; for it has only been a short while since people have realized the fact that women should be educated. But lately the education of women has been making strides equal to the other advances of civilization, for it was inevitable that such should be the case. Yet improvement has errors to combat as well as triumphs to enjoy; and a universal acknowledgement of the right of woman to all advantages by which she is capable of profiting has not yet been celebrated. But as best fruits ripen slowly, we must have patience. We can already see that this question is asked less frequently now than it was several years ago; and higher education of women has already become an accepted commonplace. And since this is true, let us notice what may be gained by a college education.

A girl may enter college with a clumsy self-consciousness, a manner characterized by bluff rather than by ease, but she is not there long before she insensibly has some of these errors corrected; and the longer she goes, the greater are the improvements to be noticed. The tones, the accents, the modes of speech and the stamp gained by the early home-life have been brought here by the girls and are susceptible of modifications, improvements, or development in whatever way will aid to the strength and usfulness of the future. Four years of agreeable intimacy and of absorption in common air, four years of association with girls from other sections, other families, and backgrounds impart a social training beyond comparison in its effects on individual girls.

Still there are other things to be gained that are equally important. A girl never feels so keenly the need of some

one to help and comfort her as she does when she first enters college. If there is no one in the higher classes ready to give this help, then she learns her first lesson in self-reliance—an excellent thing for her. The first welcome extended to the new students is generally given by the Young Women's Christian Association. This organization is to-day the most aggressive and most potent moral influence in college-life. Its beneficent work has spread to almost every college worthy of the name. But the Christian Association by no means represents all of the religious activities of the college. There are regular services held by those who give this work special attention. There are courses of study ethical merely, others Biblical and distinctly religious. When the nature of the variety of religious activities is taken into consideration along with the fact that more than half the students are professing Christians, it becomes evident that the moral atmosphere of the college is good for those who seek the best it offers.

Girls go to college incidentally to take a definite, discursive or profound course of study and to earn a diploma. What a girl studies in college, her recitations, examinations, her degree, although most important and most impressive in the eyes of her kindred and friends, are not in reality the most serviceable assets of her four years in college. She acquires by means of study and by means of drill, a mental discipline and intellectual force that are to stand her in stead through the years of the future. To acquire the habit of doing certain things at certain times to the best of womanly ability is worth more to a girl than all the progress she can make in Physics and Mathematics. To become permeated with a love of good literature, to make friends with great authors, to know a good book from a bad one, to grow into a familiar acquaintance with one's mother-tongue and to get some knowledge of other tongues as they are spoken to-day are among the endowments that a college training bestows.

We go to college that we may be broadened in thought. Solving the problems that we solve in our school days helps us to solve the little every-day problems of life. We are always impressed with the gentleness and modesty of a scholar—"a little learning is a dangerous thing"; but a great deal is one of the best things in life. To go to college four years is to find out how little can be learned in that time; but if we try we can learn how to obtain mastery of intellectual tools and know where to look for what we want. We can gain no little by paying attention with eagerness to those who know more than we can ever hope to learn. And lastly, our aim in going to college should be that we may be of much practical value to those who have not had our advantages.

The Aims and Standards of the College Magazine.

Clee Reel.

I think every one will say that the chief aim of the College Magazine is to benefit the student.

This it very wonderfully does by increasing literary interest. What student will not bestir himself to write an unusually fine paper when he thinks there is a probability of its finding its way to the Magazine? And in the consequent search through the world of knowledge and literature he unconsciously falls in love with the beauty he finds stored away there.

But besides this desire to produce a good story or article there comes, from comparing the different magazines a desire to see his own second to none;— there is an increase in college spirit—a spirit of loyalty and devotion which fits one to go out in the world and be helpful and make a success of everything in which he becomes involved.

However, in order that the aim of the magazine may be realized it must have certain standards. Every magazine should have, and live up to, such a standard that its coming will always be hailed with delight. Very much here depends upon the critics in encouraging all that is beautiful, instructive, humorous, or natural. Especially should these qualities be found in the literary department. Let everything there be literary in fact, as well as by position.

But shall we let the standard drop as soon as we pass over the literary department? Some seem to have gotten the idea that we may; that just so the things in the literary department are literary the general tone and spirit may conform to a much lower standard, for instance, in the joke department, anything that will make one laugh. A magazine which

has such a half-handed standard as that will less than half-way fulfill its highest mission. Let us find the magazine with a standard which means truth, beauty, simplicity, wit and humor, with indecency excluded, and you will find the one which realizes its highest aim.

View of Campus—Northeast.

Meditation.

Clara Hearne, '08.

I am growing tired and weary,
The way is rough and long,
The days are long and dreary,
I am tired of the busy throng.
My heart's burden is so heavy;
My friends have proved untrue—
I long to reach and grasp
Something that will be true.

Disappointments lie around me,
The way's so dark and chill,
And rougher grows the sea;
The waves are never still.
But ah, I wait the future,
With eager watchful eyes,
For then I'll rest forever
In a land of cloudless skies.

New life will there begin,
And grief will be no more,
For there, there'll be no sin,—
When I have reached that shore.
Oh, I shall rest forever
With nothing at all to do,
But find and enjoy at last
The friends that are always true!

The Sort of Books School Girls Read.

MORADA FARABOW.

I suppose people have wondered just what sort of books girls read while in school. Well, I will tell you if you will keep a secret. In the library on the shelves are some books that are badly worn and abused. What books do you suppose they are? Among those that are so badly mangled is "St Elmo," by Augusta Evans. If you were to remove this from the place in which it is resting for a while, every leaf would fall to the floor. Besides this there are E. P. Roe's works. "Queechy," and the "Wide, Wide World" are well worn; "Our Bessie" and "Sweet Cicely" are much the worse for wear. Then of more recent publications there are "Lavender and Old Lace," "The Love Letters of a Musician," and "The Spinner in the Sun," by Myrtle Reed. Mary Stewart Cutting's "Little Stories of Courtship" is especially popular with the sentimental girls. Some people may think that girls never get sentimental, but they do forget sometimes and drift off into day dreams. In the collection of books popular with the school girls is one by Lillian Bell, "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid." We often wonder why this one shows such unmistakable signs of use, for surely there are no old maids in school, and if there are any they don't write love letters. Well, this book is here and it is very frequently read. There are the "Elsie Books" and "The Pansy Books" which are read by the quiet, good girls. Some of the other most popular books—and there is a deal more reason in their popularity—are "The Man From Glengarry" and "The Sky Pilot" by Ralph Connor; "In Old Virginia" and "The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock," by Thomas Nelson Page, and

others by various writers too numerous to mention which show distinctly what *our* girls at least like to read.

These books are so worn the writers would have difficulty in recognizing them, while upon the same shelf with them are the books of the greatest thinkers and writers that look as if they are never opened. Then, too, the magazine stories and the papers are read and re-read.

Don't understand me to say that these books should not be read. The point I do wish to make is that all the time should not be given to these at the expense of neglecting the others that are more helpful. There is a great deal of good to be gotten from these if they are read in the right way. What we call a novel may educate the taste and cultivate the intelligence. It may purify the heart and fortify the mind, but it should never under any circumstances be allowed to deprave the one and weaken the other—and it is possible for the cheaper brands to do this.

What is the matter with our reading? Is it that our tastes are poor or that our brains are weak? Neither, primarily; but it is possible for both to become so through lack of use and training. A taste for the very best literature may become perverted if we feed it continually with what is of an inferior quality; and the very brightest mind may become lazy, dull and stupid if it is not exercised. There would be no harm in reading some of the things I have mentioned if we read as well other things more likely to stimulate thought. A good share of the blame for our failure to read thoroughly and well may be attributed, then, to—pure laziness.

Again, another thing that is ailing some of us is a severe attack of sentimentalism. School girls have been accused of it from time immemorial; and it would be a very soul-satisfying thing to pronounce the accusation false in every case—but "'tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true." Now sentiment is a good thing—a thing that ought to be, and most usually

is, a force to be reckoned with in the character and life of every man and woman; but too much of it—sentimentality, in other words—is an exceedingly dangerous thing. Love is one of the things that make life worth living—it "makes the world go 'round;" but if love and rose-colored dreams of love and romantic stories of love cause us to forget that there are other things in life of just as vital importance, to shirk our duty, then we need to call a halt. Emotion, feeling and sentiment are good things, but let us not have too much of them in our choice of literature.

What do we need to read? We need to read less trash and more of solid worth; less light literature and more of the standard; less that is calculated to touch the purely sentimental side of us, and more that will train the intellectual and moral side of our nature. If the girl has a love for historical works she will find "Scottish Chiefs" very pleasant and helpful. This a great aid to English History and tells so much of the great men, William Wallace and Bruce, who did so much for their country. From this can be obtained useful lessons in noble deeds, unselfishness, and goodness. Then there are "The Waverly Novels" by Scott which are also an aid to history and are an education within themselves. If any one is looking for something exciting and interesting, read "Ivanhoe" which pictures English society of Scott's day and also gives descriptions of the tournaments which were very popular at that time. We would not forget Dickens whose greatest genius lay in his ability to arouse the emotions. He very often deals with the troubles and hardships of people and always arouses the sympathy of the reader. Every school girl should read some of Hawthorne's works. If for no other reason she should for the reason that he is an American and we should feel proud of him for he is called America's greatest novelist. He deals with the marvelous world of the human heart. All of his stories are strange and mysterious, in which

there is the shadow of some crime which is removed by love and repentance. Then, too, every girl should read the biographies of all the great men and women. This gives an insight into the character and life and helps to form ideals. Every girl wants to do something in this world so as to leave a monument in the memory of the people. She will obtain much encouragment to press onward and upward if she will read of the achievements of the truly great. She must not get discouraged but remember—

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

And, also, that

"All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of time;
Some with massive deed and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme."

This is also true in reading. No one can hope to get all the truths at one reading, but if it is pursued in the right way one little truth after another can be stored away in the memory which will be very useful in after life.

I would not have a girl go through school and not know the great poets and read their poetry which is "a joy forever." Some girls have no love for poetry outside of the realm of what is called society verse. They say poetry is too difficult and the meaning too obscure. But what writer can be more simple than Shakespeare although he presents great world wide truths? Poetry should be read and studied because it has the power of sustaining and delighting as nothing else can do. It causes one to cultivate a taste for the best, the truly excellent, and it elevates and broadens the mind. For the purest thought, greatest moral lessons, and highest ideals, go to poetry, for they may be found there.

Senior Salmagundi.

LOTTIE LEE.

Some idea of the Seniors?
Some thought, word or rhyme,
To bring up past memories
Of the old school time?
Something about each classmate
From the first to the last
Which will help to keep present
Something of the past?

First our august president,
Tall, stately and brave,
In a gay happy manner
Was wont to behave.
Especially light-hearted
Was she on that day,
When they for house-building
Inquired the best way.
The "hints" must have been good ones,
To be put to use soon,
For I have heard it rumored
'Tis to take place in June.

Then Annie's roommate,
None other than Clee—
Why she was *always* tardy
None of us could see.
Always at roll-call,
Midst laughter and humming:
"Girls, is Miss Clee Reel present?"
"No'm; She's *coming.*"

"I'M JUST AS TAN."

One classmate—"Sister Winnie,"
As we all well know,
Regularly, every morning,
To her work *would* go.
And if the other Seniors
Would plan things "for fun,"
Nothing could induce her to
Leave her work undone.

From the telegrams received
By Mabel last fall
We thought her interested—
Well, not *here, at all.*
Perhaps the letters nowadays
More regularly go,
So *he* doesn't have to enquire
By wire now, you know.

By name and also nature
A *Walker* had we,
Who was fond of nice long walks
"To see who she could see."

Sallie, Lanie, Margaret,
Lucile and Leila,
From appearances, were fond
Of going with Vela.
She had numerous admirers
(Who to her were joys),
Not only among our girls,
But also the boys.

Also in name and nature
Was one girl *Gay*:
And she was greatly amused
Saint Valentine's day
When an absent-minded "friend"
A *violin* sent.
For she on the piano
Her energies spent.

Then dear old "Polly" Herring
Who never gets blue,
Was the champion player
Of old "forty-two."
Yes, Polly played very often
And *why?* So you say.
Not the game, but the *gamesters*
Induced her to play.

And Rebie most usually
Was found with Polly,
They were surely a team
Quite gay and jolly.
They both liked to laugh and talk,
In fact seemed to race:
And sometimes Polly *really*
Led her quite a chase.
But the championship, just here,
Rebie has long held,
For in *conversation*
She has certainly excelled.

Helen was always thinking—
No one dared annoy
While she was idly dreaming!—
'Bout that absent boy.

But she seemed to enjoy it,
For once in a while
She would bestow upon us
"Just one lovin' smile."
She was *quite* sentimental,
As we all did know,
And always idly dreaming
'Bout that absent *beau*.

Directly across the way
In the other tower;
One could always find Gertrude,
Studying by the hour.
But she 'oft had a feeling
'Bout her heart, at morn,
She said it must be caused
By a piercing Thorne.
Her fondness for the Simmons,
And the Thorne, whichever stayed,
Kept her from getting on Latin
Grades she should have made.

"Never do to-day
What you can do to-morrow."
Was the motto of Sallie,
Who knew no sorrow.
Nothing seemed to worry her,
As known by her classmates,
Only she *would* get disturbed
'Bout those "numerous dates."
It must be quite confusing
For one to have so many.
Almost as great a trial
As not to have any.

Bouncing hither and thither,
From first to third floor,
Giggling and giggling
And giggling some more,
Was happy-go-lucky "Bern,"
Whose joy was so deep
Her room-mate declared she did
Giggle in her sleep.

In room "number Forty-one,"
Could always be found
A certain happy Senior
A'hanging around.
'Twas none other than Lucie,
(Perhaps you had guessed)
Who lived up to her motto:
"Nothing but the Best!"

Older brothers are *so* nice
Ask Margaret, and see
If *she* (for Rob's sweet sake)
Was nice as could be.
And *she* is our classmate,
You all know her quite well,
So for *hers* and Rob's sweet sake,
Her name I'll not tell.

Friends, faculty and classmates,
Let *me* have your ears!
Yes, we've had one true patriot
In our class for two years.
The patriotic spirit
Clara has, first-rate;
And she is always praising
"The Good Old North State."

Our studious Morada,
Who lives down in town
Was forever studying
Ne'er "hanging around."
While the rest of us enjoyed
A good social chat,
Quietly in the study hall
Midst books, Morada sat.

Josie, too, was fond of books,
But took some time for fun
When her beloved Latin
Had been real well done.
Yes, she was fond of Latin,
Studying noon and night,
And the grades on her report
Were simply "out of sight!"

Our tall, handsome Mary,
So famous on Trig.,
Was accused by the "picture-man"
Of wearing a wig.
"For her hair is so wavy,
So curly, and brown,"
Then he added, quietly,
"None like it in town."

The other Mary, you know,
The short little one,
Always looked for a letter:
She said: "Just for fun."
To all of us it was fun—
A bushel and a *peck*,
On those memorable days,
When she got one from————

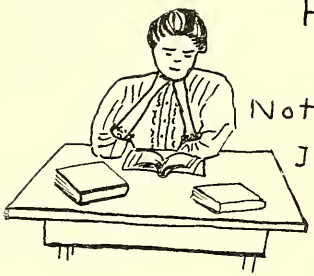
That "pretty cousin"—remember
In the Senior's play,
Who by name and by stature
Is just L(ittle), M(ay).
She was the Virginian
Of the '08 class,
And a chance to shout for home
She never let pass.
Well do we remember
Last Thanksgiving day.
The exciting football games—
And poor little May.

From out the chapel, o'er campus,
And far, far away
Strains of the sweetest music
Go floating each day.
With all dignity and grace,
There, days after days,
Miss Morris inspires us
When the piano she plays.

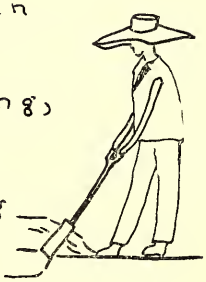
Now "last but not least"—
Ha! ha! Don't you see?
This poem(?) is the best joke
On her— LOTTIE LEE.

"Four Stages of College Life".

Freshman



Nothing doing,
Just
digging



Sophomore

Planted the Seed

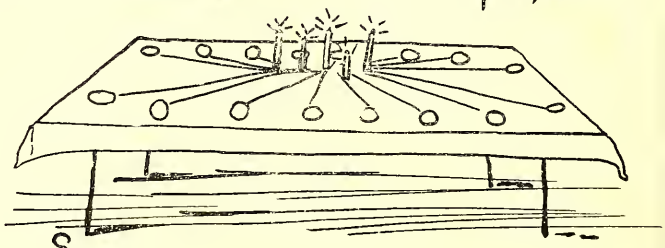
By winning in debate

Made début by being waiters at
Senior reception.

Junior

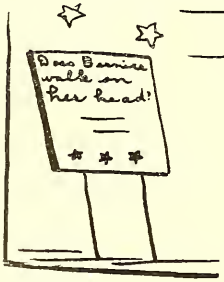
Let 'em grow

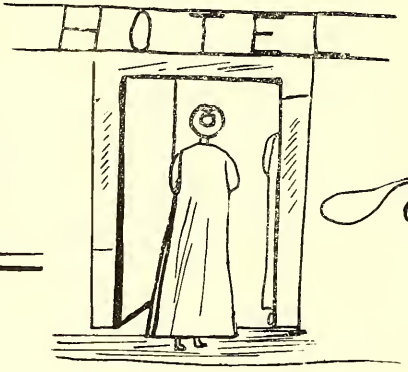
We played

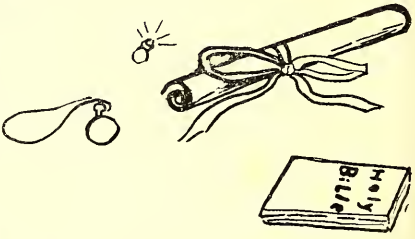


Senior

☆ Reaped the Harvest







What it Means to Be a Senior.

"Helen."

May the fates be kind to the Seniors any and every where, for goodness knows they deserve blessing, succor and help from some source! And what does it mean to be a Senior? Well, I'll tell you—"Experience is a dear school, but fools will learn in no other," therefore, wait till you have experienced the great joys of seniorship and then you can feel your answer to this question. I believe all of us are fools until we get to be Seniors (either in life or in school)!

How does one like to be a model? Yes, we are serpents set up in the wilderness, upheld by the hand of our Alma Mater for the verdant freshmen to hold in awe, for the Sophs to admire, the Juniors to envy, the Faculty to criticise and the public to watch. Now, isn't that a conglomeration of devotions? Yet we tread the even tenor of our way—pitying the Fresh, loving the Sophs, amused at the Juniors, smitten with the Faculty, and trying to please the public. And now say that the Seniors don't walk on beds of roses! Indeed, they do! and crushing the roses under their feet as they go, the sweet perfume is wafted on the breeze, and the thorns—just plenty of them!—only tickle the bottom of our feet, just causing us to thank our stars that we can be Seniors and have such privileges.

We have a song something like this: "Where, oh! where are the grand old Seniors"—Yes, where are they? We look at every girl in our class to find which is the grandest, yet, only to be informed that, as with poets in life, the grandest was in the first class, and that as we go further and further down the line, we get sorrier and sorrier. Girls, just think what the first graduate could have aspired to after she left

school, if she had only tried! Weep, because you couldn't possibly be she, and then turn your face the other way, down the years to—say, 1950, and behold that graduate and then shout, girls, because you belong to the class of 1908! I tell you, there is nothing like criticism, after all—for it is always something like the truth.

And now, behold the Seniors of Littleton College: they envy not, neither do they despise; and yet I say that the Freshmen, with all their numbers, have not as much trouble as one of these.

A Fable.

L. May Spence.

In the History of Littleton College, we are told that for Three Years there was in its Student Body a girl who, from some Incurable Disease, was practically Always Late—at Meals and Recitations especially.

This girl remained in school until her Senior Year, and up to her Last Year she was Never Known to have been On Time but once (?) On this occasion, the Seniors were invited to a Hotel Banquet, and this girl proceeded to find her a partner—or perhaps one might more Properly say, some one to Fall in Line with. She asked One Girl, and her reply ran thus: "I will go with you provided you Promise to be On Time." She promised, and was Johnny-on-the-Spot at eight o'clock, much to the surprise of every one. That Event will not be Forgotten.

During the same year, President Rhodes promised to take a number of girls to a Marriage. The Slow Girl Intended going; but when the time came and the girls assembled in the Reception Hall, in the rush of getting off, they failed to see if all were present. Ever since the world began it has been the case, and I suppose it will ever be, that when one arranges a Date on which to be Married, he does not want to wait and Will Not wait. This Particular Couple seemed Especially Anxious to be prompt, as they were married a Few Minutes sooner than had been Planned.

After the Ceremony was over and the girls were wending their way back to the College, who should be seen in the Long Distance but two girls coming toward them! It proved to be none other than the Slow Goer and a "Freshie" that she had persuaded to go with her. While she Tarried, the Couple was married. (N. B. That's a Rhyme.)

Moral: Don't be the Cow's Tail.

A Thought.

CLARA HEARNE, '08.

Ah, yesterday I was dreaming,
Just wondering what to do,
When something suddenly answered:
"Work will not come to you.
You first must make an effort,
Or you will never grow.
No work is ever accomplished
Unless it is begun."

"But what can I do?" I asked,
After thinking the matter o'er.
"There is work right here," it answered,
"And work that is needing you.
Although it may seem humble,
There is greatness in anything.
When you do your very best,
You have not worked in vain.

The little things will count,
When your problem you have done;
And then, ah! then, you'll find
That 'twas these that made the sum."
So don't sit idly waiting,
For time goes swiftly by.
Just seize this very minute
And your nearest work begin.

The Value of the Study of Shakespeare.

Rebecca Winborne Evans.

Shakespeare stands out in English literature as the chief producer of a perfect literature, being without a peer in all the realm of hundreds of English writers. If all the literature that England has produced, both good and bad, with the exception of Shakespeare's writings, were to be destroyed, England would yet be rich in literature. If Chaucer, Milton, Shelley, Byron, Keats, Wordsworth, Tennyson—if all were to be taken from the great catalogue of English writers, and Shakespeare remained, England could boast of a literature almost, if not entirely, without equal in quality. Shakespeare stands in England as Homer to the Greeks, Virgil to the Romans, Voltaire to the French, and Dante to the Italians. His works have stood the test of time through all the changing years,—stood in spite of the changes of customs, manners, dress and the great change of human ideas which is often so detrimental to literary productions,—and yet is just as perfect literature to-day as during the sixteenth century. One great factor in the greatness of Shakespeare as a writer is that he had the whole world for the source of his writings, and he portrays human life and character as it is instead of ideally. His field in literature is almost without limit, to him the world was a great stage and humanity the actors—"and all the men and women merely players."

With such a literature as comes to mind or is embraced in the study of Shakespeare, one can readily see that such a study should and must result in great mental development and intellectual growth. Any close observation of the forces of Nature must promote mental growth and often we are made to observe these forces by some one's calling our atten-

tion to them, and so Shakespeare calls our attention to these forces in diverse ways through his works. All the passions of the human soul are brought out in Shakespeare and we are made to think of these passions in human life. Then, too, there is a mental development in concentration of thought, for a certain degree of concentration is absolutely necessary to grasp the idea, or to interpret the literature of Shakespeare as it should be to get the highest, deepest and broadest meaning. There is mental growth involved in memorizing some of the finest passages as, for illustration, the oration from "Julius Cæsar" by Mark Antony at Cæsar's funeral, beginning—

> "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears,
> I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him,
> The evils that men do lives after them;
> The good is oft interred with their bones;
> So let it be with Cæsar."—

and it is unnecessary to finish the quotation, for the whole of Mark Antony's speech is familiar to all students of Shakespeare. Another quotation that is worth memorizing for the thought contained as well as for the mental development is—

> "Sweet are the uses of adversity;
> Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
> Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
> And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

or to give one other:

> "Good name in man or woman, dear my lord
> Is the immediate jewel of their soul:
> Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing,
> 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
> But he who filches from me my good name
> Robs me of that which not enriches him,
> And makes me poor indeed."

It is very evident that all the processes of education are dependent upon memory, for as our memories are developed and strengthened the mental horizon grows broader and the thinking faculties are put in action.

If one were to take a course in Shakespeare simply for the character study, the time would be well spent. There is the character of Brutus who is so patriotic that he thought it was his duty to stab Cæsar. He gives his own character in:

> "I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well,
> But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
> What is it that ye would impart to me?
> If it be aught toward the general good,
> Set honor in one eye, and death in the other,
> And I will look on both indifferently;
> For, let the gods so speed me as I love
> The name of honor more than I fear death."

Shakespeare portrays Brutus as unselfish and without envy. One might think that Brutus was working from purely selfish motives, yet he had higher ideals, it was for the good of the state, he conscientiously believed. Then the lovable, the lovely character of Cordelia. There may be found in her all the virtues that womanhood may call hers, thoroughly unselfish, genuinely true, as is proved by her fidelity to her father although he has turned her out from the protection of his home. Shakespeare has shown his master mind by putting in contrast to this beautiful character the base, mean, degraded characters of Goneril and Regan. When we study the character of Lady Macbeth, with the strength of will that kept the courage of Macbeth up to the point of action, we wonder how the man who created "Midsummer Night's Dream," with all its spirits and fairies, could have created a Macbeth. No one can find two characters any more alike in Shakespeare than in real life. While we are studying Shakespeare the characters are so true to human nature we

seem to be moving in the flood of excitement or standing off just enough to see all that is going on and yet not be involved in the commotion. All this reality of character teaches us how many kinds of nature we may have to deal with after we have passed out from our Colleges to meet the world, for human nature still has its passions to be battled with.

There is an inestimable value to be put on the study of Shakespeare from the viewpoint of Shakespeare as an ethical teacher. The moral side of man's life is portrayed as distinct from the physical, even from the intellectual. Some one has said, "The physical is the material or visible, the intellect is of the reason, the æsthetic of the imagination, the moral of the conscience." This is plainly shown through all the characters of Shakespeare. His people mean something, they are not put in just to fill up a gap, but they are for a purpose. All the physical is made a means to subserve a higher end. "The reason finds in the perfect good its highest end and beauty reaches its perfection in moral characters" may well be applied in Shakespeare. In all of Shakespeare's works never is man shown other than as a "free moral agent." Every man, they say, knows in himself that he is free, he knows himself as possessing the power of choice, of choosing one from two or more objects or ways which may be before his mind. So in the case of Macbeth: he was free to choose, and he chooses evil so gradually and his downfall is so gradual at first that it is scarcely perceptible, but just as surely as his downfall came, there was a time when he was free to choose. Macbeth who violated the obligation placed by his conscinece, knew in himself that he might have fulfilled the obligation and done right. In the case of King Lear in this power of contrary choice which is implied in the exercise of the will in its relation to right and wrong, is found the basis of moral responsibility and the

reason for the blame of conscience. King Lear is often smitten in conscience by the ever-arising thought of wrong to Cordelia, his best loved child in former days. Conscience is one witness whose sweet argument it is impossible to refute as to the alternative powers of the will.

One does not need further proof of the fact that the value of the study of Shakespeare is very great since there is mental development in the training of memory, character study, and, too, for the code of ethics. Much is involved in how it is studied to get the greatest good.

The Chatterbox.

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Application has been made for entrance at Littleton, N. C., as second class matter, under act of Congress, July 16, 1894.

All former students, alumnae and friends of the College are invited to contribute literary articles, personals and items to our columns. All contributions, accompanied by the writer's name, should be sent to the Editor-in-Chief.

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PAULINE HERRING, '08, . . Among Us.
HELEN EARNHARDT, '08, . Exchange.
BERNICE HORNADAY, '08.

From the Editor's Easy (?) Chair.

MARY FRANCIS MAYO.

As this the last number of THE CHATTERBOX goes to press, we naturally look back over the work of the journal during the present scholastic year. It is with a feeling of pride, and, we trust, pardonable pride, that we read success written on each page of the record.

It was not until April, 1907, we decided it a wise plan to have a College Magazine. And it was with fear and trembling that the staff placed the first issue in the hands of the publishers. They realized full well the immense responsibility that was resting upon them; they also realized that they were laying the foundation of what might prove a source of great pleasure as well as benefit to all the College and friends of the College, were it properly managed. The pres-

ent staff also felt the responsibility of the honors, if such they may be called, that were thrust upon them. The many obstacles, however, have been surmounted, and as we cast our eye in retrospect over the work of the year we feel that our labor has not been in vain. For the first time THE CHATTERBOX is ready for good work; we have made it self-sustaining and are looking forward to great things from the Staff that is to follow us. As yet our magazine is as an infant in swaddling clothes compared with most of the college journals in the State; we have only begun the great work that we hope will be accomplished in the future.

The magazine can mean so much to the college. Its work as yet is just begun; and we look confidently to the Senior Classes who shall follow us to bring to realization the hope that we have entertained for its usefulness.

Finally, we would express a word of appreciation to those who have given us their sympathy and help. To our subscribers, to our advertisers, to our publishers, to all who have spoken a word in praise of THE CHATTERBOX, or have wished it well, we are most grateful. To the individual members of the Staff,—to the able and efficient business manager in particular,—we owe thanks for the worthy way in which their part has been done. Friends, fellow-students, CHATTERBOX readers, we thank you!

We leave the work to the hands of others, feeling sure that they will do their duty as conscientiously as we have tried to do ours. It has been, if not always a positive joy, at least most of the time a pleasure to work with it and for it. And so, with a feeling akin to regret and yet with confidence in the future of the journal and those who shall take it in charge, we say "CHATTERBOX, Godspeed! *Gluck auf!*"

Music Club.

MOTTO:

Work while you play, and play while you work.

COLORS:

Paper white and ink black.

AMBITION:

To own (and be able to play) a *Grand.*

Caution from A Friend:

"*Auten* to be just like your teacher."

MEMBERS:

Gay Lady.
That *Walker.*
The Easy Chair (Morris).
"Dead but still living!" (Lee.)

WANTED:

To have daily practice in sight reading of Bayard's Compositions—*Vela Walker.*

To have somebody that "Sticketh closer than a Brother"—*Miss Morris.*

To be on more familiar terms with some "Cousins—*Luola Gay.*

That man who has a Steinway Grand Piano—*Lottie Lee.*

Music Club.

Bachelor Maids.

Bachelor Maids.

Resolved, by Annie Laurie Crews—Never to have a man in the house.

Resolved, by Clara Josephine Hearne—Never to be ruled by a man.

Resolved, by Pauline Herring—To never love any one but a "Sicond Coosin."

Resolved, by Gertrude Lee Stanfield—That a woman's love is worth more than a man's.

Resolved, by Mabel Williams West, after four years of consideration—That men are as the times.

Song.

We're a band of bachelor maidens,
Happy, light-hearted and free.
We love not a man upon this earth,
And are happy as happy can be.
Conceited and fickle is every man,
Attempting to fool you on every hand.
So we are wise and will let them be,
And ever live happily, as you will see.

The Star of Venus.

Venture a small fish to catch a great one.—Jessie Cogdell.

Eating a little and speaking a little can never do a man hurt.—Morada Farabow.

Never do to-day what you can put off until to-morrow.—Sallie Johnston.

Use or practice of a thing is the best master.—Josie Perry.

Silence gives consent.—Mary B. Sledge.

Naughty Four of Naughty-Eight.

"Naughty Four of Naughty Eight."

"When we are good
We are very, very good;
But when we are bad
We are horrid."

(Signed) MARY MAYO.
BERNICE HORNADAY.
HELEN EARNHARDT.
LUCIE ROSS.

"Way Down East Club."

Being from way down East, therefore the most exclusive organization in college. Many come but few are chosen, because they neither possess the qualifications nor the tackle to fit them to stand the gale. In other words, *we only* are in the swim.

Members.	Office.
Winnie Evans	Crabber!!
Rebie Morris	Fisher (?)
May Spence	Baiter.
Clee Reel	Reaper.

Motto: "Pas del yeux rhone que nous."

Habits: Well—er—really, you might criticise.

Past-time: Occasionally we dabble in the water.

Password: "The Sign of the Four."

Ambition: We're angling for luck, success, and a sheepskin.

Au revoir. May our memory be perpetuated.

Way Down East Club.

Senior Resolutions.

RESOLVED:

To flirt some more.—Jessie Cogdell.

That I shall wear neither rats nor tangles.—Annie Crews.

To marry the first chance I get.—Helen Earnhardt.

To quit flirting.—Winnie Evans.

That I'll quit my foolishness and study harder.—Morado Farabow.

That the C. A. boys are real nice.—Luola Gay.

To go on the stage.—Pauline Herring.

That to die while reciting private lessons in Room No. 41 in English would be as desirable a place to die as I could wish.—Bernice Hornaday.

To make no more lemonade to sell for Y. W. C. A.—L. R. and M. S.

That I have grown old from hard study.—Sallie Johnston.

To be more dignified.—Lottie Lee.

To be more sentimental.—Mary Mayo.

After much consideration, that "Silence is golden."—Rebie Morris.

To stop studying so hard.—Helen Earnhardt.

To quit kissing.—Mabel West.

To stop eating and get thin.—Vela Walker.

That I shall have a man for the banquet.—Mary Sledge.

Never to hurry through life.—Clee Reel.

That just "A. Thorne" will always satisfy me.—Gertrude Stanfield.

To be an old maid.—Josie Perry.

Always to keep the "Best" company.—Lucie Ross.

To be professional algebra scholars.—Clara Hearne, Mary Sledge and May Spence.

Never to play an "April fool," but just "skip" arithmetic any old time.—Winnie Evans.

Jokes.

L. BERNICE HORNADAY.

Miss Pulliam (seeing a lonely looking boy standing off by himself after recital): "Is there a girl up here you would like to talk to?"

C. A. Boy: "Why, yes'm."

Miss Pulliam, finding he did not know her name, asked him to describe her.

C. A. Boy: "Well—er—(desperately) I just can't express her!"

* * *

Luola Gay: "How much are these hose a pair?"

Merchant: "Twenty-five cents, ma'am."

L. G. (in surprise): "Well, it certainly doesn't seem that just one of these ought to cost so much."

* * *

Miss Reel is earnestly endeavoring to find some way to get a cold flame. We wish her much success.

"When you have essays to write, I'll tell you, girls, what's best. Begin at the first of the week, and at the last just—rest.

* * *

Miss Mayo thinks it would be an improvement to change the name of "footing" to "toeing."

* * *

Miss Lanham (eating some shad given her by one of the girls): "This is so nice! Does you father run a shad farm?"

* * *

Willie tried, with boyish zest,
To dissect a hornet's nest.
When to mama he was brung,
Willie looked a little—stung!—*Ex.*

B. Hornaday: "I surely do feel sorry for the new girls. I haven't been to see a single one of them yet."

* * *

R. Morris, a Senior: "Well, sure thing I'd rather pay ten cents any time to go to a game of ball than pay fifty cents to hear Byron King."

* * *

Helen: "Clara, what makes your book pop when you open it? Mine don't."

Clara: "Of course not; you never open yours to study."

TOAST TO THE HOUSEKEEPER:

Here's to Mrs. Crookston,
Of whom you all have heard,
Who uses this expression:
"Well, upon my word!"

Seeing a man with a *military suit* on, Josie remarks: "Law, look at that boy with that *millinery suit* on!"

* * *

Annie: "Clee, what in the world is an avalanche?"

Clee: "Why, Annie, it's like this: For instance, I go to the top of a mountain and slide down—I'd be an avalanche, 'ceptin' I would be Clee Reel, instead of a body of snow and ice. See?"

* * *

Miss Roe (passing a grocery store): "Dear me! I wanted to get some chiffon, Miss Jenkins, and every grocery store is closed."

* * *

Annie Crews: "Lizzie, do pray help me get on an extra *dike,* for I'm to have my picture taken in 'The Black-Eyed Beauty Club.'"

Lizzie (seriously): "Impossible! How can I make such a thing as you pretty?"

Perhaps.

M. A. H. (Instructor).

The great air-ship vibrated in every timber with the pulsation of her throbbing engines. She seemed impatient to escape from the limits of earth and stretch her immense wings which were beginning a slow, rhythmic rise and fall. The driver, carrying his long-nosed oil-can, was painstakingly inspecting every part of the machinery. At last he straightened up with a sigh of satisfaction, looked at his watch, poked his head out thru one of the portholes, and peered anxiously down the road. The look of anxiety changed to one of relief as over the hill appeared a mighty throng,—men, women, children, followed by a baggage wagon.

In eager haste they bore down upon the waiting bird of passage. Among the crowd could be distinguished a number of girls wearing small, close-fitting caps which bore the symbols "L. F. C., 1908." One of the girls carried the class pennant.

"Tie it to the ship, Annie," the others directed, and she fastened it in the bow above a flag portraying a bright-red globe and the name "Mars." The stern bore the inscription "Earth."

Have you guessed? The class of nineteen eight were about to sever earthly connections and embark upon a mighty journey to that ruddy planet, our nearest neighbor, Mars!

Trunks and suit-cases and boxes of square meals in pellet form were hurriedly stowed into the freight compartment.

"Step a little lively, please," requested the driver, and the girls clambered in. Excitement was at a high pitch, and every body talked at once.

"Helen Earnhardt," said one, "You *know* you can't take that band box!"

"Oh, it's just my sailor,—such a *little* one. *Please* let me take it."

"Lucie Ross, have you put Chauncey in a safe place?"

"Certainly, I have. *Do* you suppose there'll be any mice for him in Mars?"

"I've lost my veil."

"I have an extra one. I'll get it for you."

"Well," sighed Gertrude, anxiously, "the Earth's a mighty dangerous place to live in, with its earthquakes and volcanoes, but sure thing, Mars may be worse!"

And then a silence fell on the party. They were scheduled to leave in two minutes. It was to be a glorious trip, but oh! the uncertainty of it all. Lumps *would* rise in their throats, and tears in their eyes, in spite of their struggle for control.

"Bernice Hornaday," some one exclaimed, "what *is* the matter? I thought you were going to get that veil out of your suit-case for me. *What!* The wrong suit-case?"

"Oh, I must have exchanged it at the station," cried Bernice. "Girls, look!" And she held up a little boy's suit of clothes and a cunning pair of red socks. Shouts of laughter broke the tenseness of the strain. "Well, laugh, if you want to. Yes, *put* it in THE CHATTERBOX. *I* don't care. But I haven't time to go back for mine. We're off!"

A flurry of handkerchiefs, hurried good-byes, last messages, and with a great flapping of wings the ship rose from the earth. Slowly, at first, they soared above the tree-tops, gradually gaining speed. Tears were forgotten in the excitement and exhilaration.

Suddenly a mighty cry arose.

"Clee Reel is left behind!"

"Yes; look down there."

And there, indeed, was Clee, just appearing over the hill.

"The late Miss Reel," remarked Annie, sadly. "Poor Cleebus!"

"Go back for her?" cried the irate and relentless driver. "By Mars, no! We are charged to run at the rate of 11,000 miles an hour for three years, and can not stop until we reach Mars. If we were to delay now we should probably be run down by a comet. Oh, there's no danger. Here, it's about time you took a fried-chicken-and-waffles tablet. This breeze gives one an appetite. And you would better adjust the oxygen tubes; we're coming to pretty rare atmosphere. Don't say a word to me for a month. I have just eaten pellets to last for five weeks, in order to devote myself undisturbed to the guiding of the ship. And don't worry about your friend. She can come by the next express."

Clee, meanwhile, had seated herself resignedly on her suitcase, and had the girls been within hearing distance they would have heard her remark philosophically, "Wal, ain't the hull thing ridiculous?"

* * * * * * *

Five years later a Traveler, an earth-dweller, alighted from his air-ship on the planet Mars, and immediately started out in search of the 1908 Colony. The long summer season was in full swing. A wealth of green covered that part of the planet, and in the distance sparkled the water of a canal. On every hand were strange plants and animals. Carefully tilled fields gave evidence of human habitation. But where were the inhabitants?

In a most unexpected fashion was his question answered. A shadow and a whirring overhead caused him to look up. He had barely time to observe that there were approaching him, in miniature air-ships, freaks of the strangest propor-

tions, though evidently of the genus homo, before he was snatched up bodily by two of the odd creatures, swept rapidly thru the air, and unceremoniously deposited at the entrance of a large estate, intersected by numerous canals. From a little lodge there came out, to the unspeakable relief of the Traveler, a fellow-earthling!

"I am Clara Hearne, former resident of Earth, and Business Manager of CHATTERBOX, at present State Treasurer of the 1908 Colony. Yes, we're *very* glad to see you. Annie Crews, the President of our noble colony, told us of your expected visit. Mabel West sighted your ship from the observatory, and the native Martians were immediately sent to meet you. But business is business, and I must request that you pay me for the services of these Martians, buy a ticket of admission, and tickets for the canal ferry. You cross five canals before you reach the Executive Mansion. You may also purchase meal tickets of me. I'm selling them at a bargain to-day. Yes, we accept United States money. No, I can't change twenty dollars. But that's all right. Now, don't be mercenary and grasping and try to find anything smaller. I can use this. Good day. *Very* glad to have seen you."

"Well!" gasped the Traveler, as he hastened on, in his heart admiration for the "fetching" business methods of the plucky treasurer; in his pocket-book—not much of anything!

Arrived at the ferry landing he looked in vain for the boat, and then laughed at his own stupidity as one of the inevitable winged vehicles sped towards him. "May Spence. Her Ship," was written on the prow, and the graceful boatwoman directed the craft of her name with unerring skill.

"Welcome, Traveler," she cried, in a deep, stentorian voice. "Would you cross the broad canal? Your ticket, please, and I will bring you safe to yonder shore."

And she did, indeed, but the Traveler found himself in a thick jungle and heard the laughing voice of the Colony sea-captain directing him to

"Follow the path,
But oh! be wary!
Follow the path
Till you reach the next ferry."

Now, to follow a path is an easy matter, if there *is* a path to follow. The Traveler felt decidedly homesick as the thicket closed in about him. The queer Martian animals scampered about in the underbrush; the queerer Martian natives peered out from unexpected places. But no path was in sight He closed his eyes hopelessly, and then, in spite of himself, was suddenly speeding thru the thicket. In the distance sounded the tinkling of bells. When he managed to open his eyes the Traveler looked out on a broad meadow. Not far beyond were flocks of sheep.

"And what do you think of the Blind Jungle?" was the abrupt query of some one behind him. He turned to see a maiden wearing on her sleeve a huge red heart on which was written "My heart. Room for all. Signed, Clee Reel."

"It's the jungle for the blind," continued Clee, in answer to his puzzled expression, "a bit of philanthropy on my part. I haven't been here as long as my comrades so this is the sole expression of my life's aim—philanthropic originality. Why, I broke my engagement with a watchmaker named O. N. Time for the sake of carrying out my mission. In the Blind Jungle there is no path, so to have eyes is no advantage,—'in fact to the contrary,' as the sea-sick Frenchman said when asked if he had dined. But a blind person, not being able to see that there is no path, is not disturbed by the fact, and is better off without one. So if a person unfortunate enough to have sight merely closes his eyes to his surroundings, the effect is the same. Oh, it's all very logical

and psychological. But of course you knew the secret before you entered, or you could never have made your way. What! Do you mean to say that May Spence let you go in that blindly—I mean seeing! She certainly enjoys her little pranks. But there's not an airship that she can't control They say that the ships obey her instantly when she commands them in that powerful, masculine voice."

"But who is this coming toward us?" asked the Traveler, as there approached a happy damsel in the midst of a flock of sheep. "Are you Bo-Peep?" he enquired of her.

"How well you guessed! I am Jessie Cogdell, the colony shepherdess. Here in this beautiful pasture between the caanls I tend my flocks of sheep. And this," turning to a little creature at her side who shook the silver bells about his neck, "this is my gamboling *lamb,* the joy of my existence. Ah! I hear one bleating. I must go. You'll find the next landing straight ahead."

At the ferry the Traveler was astonished to find his former escort.

"You didn't say that you wanted to cross all the canals," she laughed mischievously, when he complained of the unnecessary walk.

"But I see that you are here waiting for me," he returned.

"Well, I'll take you directly to the mansion. At the door you will find the keeper of the keys. In her hands is great power, and you must bow low before her. She is very dignified, very pompous, very awful. Under no circumstances offend her. Here we are. Good-bye."

In fear and trembling the Traveler approached and in a well-worded speech addressed the ogress in uniform and brass buttons. It was Josie Perry.

She laughed softly.

"Oh, you want to see the mansion, don't you? Come right in. President Annie is busy with her daily wireless teleg-

raphy correspondence with earth. Would you enjoy inspecting the garden until she is free?"

"These are the chief Gardeners," she continued, when they had reached the flower beds, "Gertrude Stanfield and Sallie Johnston."

"What are you doing?" enquired the Traveler.

"Planting seeds," answered Gertrude. "We dig a trench and drop them in, and then cover them with mars."

"Cover them with Mars?"

"Of course. On Earth you cover seeds with earth; on Mars, with mars. Some of my plants are blossoming. I give them all *Latin* names," she added blushingly.

"Just ought to look at mine," interposed Sallie. "Now, mine really amount to something. Here is a completely developed Trigonometry formula. There is a perfect plan for an English paper, all ready to write itself out. On that bush yonder is a whole epoch in History, neatly recorded, absolutely memorized, and about to blossom. And beyond are the psychological concepts all ready to be picked. Dull books begone! I tell you it's a fine garden! Come again."

"Now to find Annie," said Josie. "Oh! here she comes to meet you. Guess I'm not wanted. Good-bye."

"Has Josie showed you everything?" cried Annie disappointedly. "I wanted that pleasure. Only the garden? You have merely made a beginning. Let us return to the mansion—This is the Supreme Court," opening the door into a spacious hall. At the far end, alone and dignified, sat Morada Farabow on a high dais. "Judge Farabow," said the President with great pride. "She has ruled with absolute justice in every case that has been tried. She has studied every phase of law and is master of her profession."

"These," said Morada, coming forward eagerly, clutching a pile of sealed documents, "are the penalties. They are all

ready to be doled out. The prisoners will draw lots in order that there may be justice without partiality."

"And how many cases have been tried here?" asked the Traveler with interest.

"Oh! none at all, as yet. We are a law-abiding Colony. Prevention is better than cure. But we're thinking of trying Mary Sledge."

"For what?"

"Just for fun—to see if she would still smile. But you must see Mary. She has a most trying position here and is so cheery and brave thru it all. She has charge of the Nursery. It is not at all the usual kind of nursery. Her work is not merely to plan food and amusement for the children, but also to educate them for their chosen vocations and mold their features and characters accordingly. And the children are by no means cherubs. But you shall see. Here is the Nursery. And here are the children. They are the four Spratts, Bernice Hornaday, Lucie Ross, Helen Earnhardt and Mary Mayo. When we first came they were so enamoured of the natives that we feared elopements and induced them to turn back the hands of their watches over fifteen years' time. Of course that brought them to their present condition of sweet young buds. Tell what you are doing for them, Mary Binford."

"Well," giggled Mary, "here is Lucie with Chauncey. Oh, yes! Chauncey, too, returned to kittenhood. She is trying to train his tail to curl. It's more fashionable in Mars. The Martians do not approve of straight tailed animals, and Lucie can not be separated from Chauncey. She is being trained in all the arts of gentleness and kindness towards animals. We have sent to earth for a number of cats, and with them are coming a small army of mice and several American cheeses. That provides for all and don't you think they'll be a very happy family?"

"Happy?" echoed the child gleefully running towards the Traveler, the kitten clutched tenderly by the tail. "Happy? Kiss Chauncey!"

"Who is yonder busy child?" asked the Traveler hastily.

"That is Helen. She is being subjected to severe training to prevent her turning into a question mark. She is a precocious child of a most brilliant and enquiring turn of mind and we are unable to answer her searching questions and well-founded arguments. A list of all her queries is kept on file. We are giving here a thoro college education beginning with the A.B. and going backward. It was her own suggestion, just as reasonable, she maintains, as beginning with the A. B. *C.* and going forward. At present she is doing original research work on the problem of measuring cloth by the gallon. When she is regrown she will be able to answer her own questions, a task which none other can perform satisfactorily to her. Her questions and answers will be published in book form and used as a text in the native schools."

"Now, tell me about this baby," said the Traveler, pointing to a fat roly-poly infant playing on the floor with a huge waste-basket and surrounded by heaps upon heaps of manuscript.

"Mary Mayo has literary aspirations. Our aim for her is that she shall be the editor of an interplanetary weekly. It will be a masterpiece of literary achievement. All the great minds of the planets will eagerly contribute. It will rouse the Universe with its brilliant editorials on arbitration and reciprocity and interplanetary commerce and—love! Oh! it will be the grandest success."

The Traveler hesitated. "Er—how can you speak with such assurance?" he queried, gazing quizzically and somewhat skeptically at the dumpy, rotund bit of humanity wriggling at his feet. "How do you know that *that* will succeed so marvelously?"

"How do I know?" cried Mary with withering scorn. "How do I know! It is evident that you were never acquainted with the former May Mayo."

The Traveler had blundered. He felt it wise to change the subject.

"And is this Little Lord Fauntleroy?" he asked, turning to a tiny curly-haired youngster dressed in the dearest little suit and cunning red socks.

"That is Bernice. She just fits those clothes that she accidentally brought from Earth,—and isn't she sweet? We call her Sunny, which, you see, can be spelt in either of two ways. She is the merriest baby in the Nursery."

"J-o-k-e-s, jokes," said the Traveler, reading the letters on the alphabet blocks which the child was arranging on the floor.

"That is a habit of hers. It seems to be the result of a tragical period in her previous life, the memory of which clings to her in spite of our repeated doses of oblivion tablets. Over and over again she picks out those five letters, arranges them into that word, puckers her brow, and holds out her hands so pleadingly. But then she pushes the blocks away, as you see her doing now, with that happiest of happy laughter, and seems to quite forget her trouble."

"But what is her future destiny?"

"Oh! she is to become a great prima donna, a singer such as the world has never known. We inoculated her with the germ of musical genius."

"Thank you Mary," said President Annie, seeing that the Traveler was sufficiently impressed. "Now we'll visit the Zoo. We are just in time for the daily drill."

As the two approached a great noise issued from the Zoo, which was built on the circus plan, tiers upon tiers of seats surrounding an arena. The Traveler gazed spell-bound as he

saw in the midst of the wild, roaring Martian beasts released from their cages, a lone girl who rushed about calling loudly here and there, marshaling the animals into line. And then leaping lightly to the back of the wildest of all savage looking creatures, and balancing herself gracefully on one foot, she gave a loud whistle and the race began. Round and round they flew, increasing the noise and speed to such an alarming rate that the Traveler grew dizzy.

"Isn't it great?" cried Annie above the din. "And doesn't Winnie Evans make a splendid circus-trainer? Next week we have a Wild West Show. Winnie is training the natives for cow-boys. Now, if you have seen enough here, we'll run over to the Observatory."

They climbed to the top of the cupola, and there, by the eyepiece of the great telescope sat Mabel West, dreamily gazing into space.

"She makes the most accurate observations and is really an excellent astronomer," whispered Annie, "but I find that her telescope is focused almost constantly upon Earth, and I fear that some attraction there will eventually lure her away from us. The last express brought her a soltaire."

"What news of Earth, O Traveler?" cried Mabel, as she caught sight of the intruders. "I saw your air-ship as you approached and have eagerly awaited your coming. Have you seen—?" She left the question unfinished. "Would you like to see the Mississippi River? and the moon shows as a tiny crescent. This will be a beautiful moonlight night at home. I wish———" Again she paused and sighed.

Annie beckoned to the Traveler, and together they tiptoed out, unnoticed by the dreaming star-gazer. Once more in the open they laughed heartily, tho sympathetically.

"I've done it! I've done it!" cried a triumphant voice close at hand, and they turned to see Rebie Morris running excitedly toward them.

"Done what?"

"Invented the rooting-machine!"

"A wha-a-at?"

"Rooting-machine—for ball games. Don't you understand? A machine that will *root* at a ball game. A *rooting*-machine! Now, I can teach the natives to play ball. Just listen." She pressed the button on a little instrument in her hand.

"Zip! Zap! Zah! Zate!
L. F. C.! 1908!"

yelled the rooting-machine lustily. And then

"Air-ships! Motors! Trolley-cars!
Baseball! Baseball! Baseball! Mars!"

"Isn't it b[illegible]-utiful?" cried its fond parent. "It's speed and capacity for endurance are double my own. Oh! I'd rather go to a ball game than eat when I'm hungry. I'd rather be at a ball game than in Heaven. Joy! Joy! My darling rooter! I've made my name!" And she rushed along to spread the glorious news.

"Rebie always had very high aspirations," said Annie proudly. "I am glad that she has succeeded. She is the life of the Colony. You have still to see the model hospital. Shall we stop now? The wards are so beautifully kept that I wish to exhibit them. Pauline Herring is in charge. Now isn't that neat?" She ushered him into the sunny ward in which were rows of immaculate hospital cots—all empty.

"But where are the patients?" he asked of the energetic Pauline who came smilingly towards them.

"Oh! we don't want any patients in the beds. They would wrinkle the sheets.

"Are you a physician?"

"No,—not exactly," and she turned hastily to smooth an imaginary wrinkle from one of the cots.

"Pauline is awaiting the arrival of a rising young physician from Earth," explained Annie. When he arrives he will have charge of the hospital,—and Pauline."

"And where is this rising young doctor practicing now?"

"Nowhere. He is rising, only in that he is now ascending towards Mars in his airship."

"But how can they support themselves from a hospital with empty beds?"

"Oh! they'll have to live on patience in the abstract instead of patients in the beds," said Annie enigmatically. "But come. You must be tired and hungry. Good-bye Pauline. Remember the reception tonight."

* * * * * * * *

Later in the evening, when Mars's larger moon was rising in the west the entire Colony assembled in the Executive Mansion to welcome the distinguished guest.

"Let us have music," cried the President. She pressed an electric button, and instantly there arose from the floor a noble quartette of musicians. Miss Roberta Morris, baton in hand, drew herself up with great dignity, and the other three, Lottie Lee, Luola Gay, and Vela Walker seated themselves before her.

"I am going to play a solo," said Lottie.

"So am I," said Luola.

"So am I," said Vela.

And immediately they began taking paper notes from little boxes which they carried, and then scattered them broadcast about the room, the leader rapidly beating time. The most exquisite music filled the Mansion. When it had died away the President rose.

"We are met to welcome this distinguished guest who has come from Earth to visit us (applause) or rather, to visit me. (Loud applause.) In fact he is the Prince Charm-

ing. (Wild applause.) And, girls, I shall return to Earth with him. Three years from to-day we shall be married. And so— and so— I resign the Presidency to—"

"Never!" yelled the girls in one voice. "NEVER! You'll do nothing of the kind. We'll not allow it. You can*not* go. He shall *not* have you."

"Oh dear!" cried Annie helplessly. "What *shall* I do with them?"

"Long and desperate was the ensuing battle of words. The Suitor felt himself decidedly unpopular, and Jessie's lamb was bleating piteously. The Spratts set up a lusty wailing. For the first time there was discord in the Colony.

"And all because hitherto there has never been a man in the house," declared Annie. "Why, girls, you who make the most disturbance are the very ones that have asked to be allowed to return to Earth for your own weddings!"

"But *you* are our President, and none can take your place." They were immovable.

And then, in the nick of time, some brilliant soul suggested the parson at the Mission on the other side of the planet.

"Bravo!" cried the girls. "We'll go in a body—and have the ceremony performed on the spot—and not let you out of our sight—and, yes, we'll even let *him* live in the Colony if you'll give up the Earth trip and make Mars your home!"

And Prince Charming, by no means a weakling, was overcome by the power of these loyal classmates, and submitted to their plan with a decidedly relieved and thankful heart.

May, taking time by the fore-lock, made ready the great air-ship, and the entire throng piled in.

"Now, double speed, May."

"Band, strike up the music."

And once more the mighty bird of passage sped thru the air, its wonderful, human voice singing joyously, to the tune of Annie Laurie, this hastily improvised song:

Oh! our Martian home is jolly
  Where our balmy days are spent.
And 'tis here that Annie Laurie
  Is now our President,
  Is now our President,
And ever more shall be.
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
We'd lay us down and dee.

Oh! our earthly days were happy
  And dear old college times,
And these we would be singing
  In joyous, rambling rhymes,
  In joyous, rambling rhymes,
And loyal ever be
To our bonnie Annie Laurie
And Naught Eight of L. F. C.!

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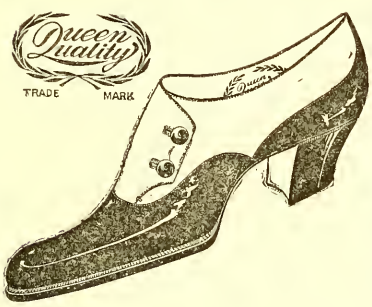

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